A Session in Therapy

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Abdullatif Khalid Eberhard

...The Sacred Poet...

Author Crafts Poetry Series #15

A Session in Therapy

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DEDICATION

To you, and you, and everyone who is strong-minded

and enthusiastic towards making the world

a better place for us all.

CONTENTS

DEDICATION v

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS xi

FOREWORD xiii

IMPULSE BEHIND THIS BOOK xv

THE MOUNTAIN 1

MY SEAL 2

THE EXQUISITE 3

THE COMB 4

MY STRUGGLE 5

HISTORY LESSONS 6

I THOUGHT! 7

YOU!! 8

THE PRECIOUS HOUR 9

THE BLOODY MOON 10

THE RESIDUAL PAIN 11

THE BREAKING SOUL 12

LOVE, A BLIND REALITY 14

THE SIGHTLESS VERACITY 16

PRODUCT OF SPLIT 18

MY MELANIN 20

HOLD ME 21

WHEN 22

REMINISCENCES....23
MUTENESS....24
THE VOW....25
THE RESTLESS SOUL....27
CONCEAL....29
A COMBATANT'S NIGHTMARE....31
I'LL STAND ALONE....33
COMPASSION....34
EMPRESS OF DIMNESS....35
I'M....36
TREASURED YOU....37
UNACCOMPANIED....40
MONDAY....41
LESTAT THE EVIL SPIRIT....42
OBSCURITIES....44
HE....46
LEAF OF ATTENTION....47
IF....48
IN THIS MOMENT....49
HER NAME WAS ROSELYN....50
AUBURN ADORATION....53
MY LIFE....54
SAVOURING THE PEACE....55
THE TIME....56

PONDERING....57
FAITH ENDURES....58
IS IT ABOUT THE OFFERTORY?....59
WHO IS GOD?....61
IN THE DARK DAY....62
THE HEROINE....64
MOTHER, THE GODDESS....65
VOICE OF CONFESSION....66
THE SUPREMACY....68
BURY ME....69
MOM....70
THE CURVED LIPS....71
ABHORRING NATURE....72
LOVE FOR LUST....73
PROSPECT'S PAST....74
RISE....76
WRITE FROM WITHIN!....77
I....78
LIFE....79
IN ACTS!....80
THE PAINTER....81
THE EARTH' TEARS....83
A NIGHT IN HEAVEN....85
THE FEEL....86

O'ER TO YOU 88
HOW WILL I LIVE? 89
SPUR WITHIN 91
MYSELF 92
MELODY WITH NATURE 94
THE WORLD OF CHAOS 96
ONE LAST PHASE... ONE LAST STAGE 98
HUM ME A TUNE 100
UNRUFFLED 101
I'M SCARED 102
MO... 105
THE CHAOTIC MIND 106
YOU'LL GET THROUGH IT 108
TRACE OF CONFIDENCE 109
NOT TOLERABLE 111
THE WAYWARD KIN 112
A SESSION IN THERAPY 114
FAINTNESS INDOORS 117
PRAYER FOR THE FUTURE 119
MELISSA MIMI 121
D... 122
SLIP! 123
THE SAND 124
A HALLUCINATION 125

THE WITHERED ROSE! 127

ELSEWHERE THE VENEER 129

MY DEFINITION! 130

DECEPTION 132

WHERE SHE IS 134

ABOUT THE AUTHOR 136

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But why should I leave you, and you and all who have enjoyed my work of literature through performances, readings and interactions? You mean a lot to me and towards the crafting of this book!

FOREWORD

How does a normal man escape pain? A poet buries himself in verse and, for a while, forgets what weighs him down, and Abdullatif is no exception — he escapes reality by transforming his pain into words of life.

Of course, a piece of work is its writer's shadow — the writer and his poetry are inseparable, and however much the writer detaches from his poem, we still see fragments of his sickness in it.

So, in this poetry collection *"A Session in Therapy"*, Abdullatif reflects on his own life, epitomising the tragedies of each of us; he speaks about suffering, silence, family, love, disappointment, environment, peace and politics, among other topics — the very things that we live for.

Abdullatif writes about the odd things any ordinary writer would want to hide from the readers. When he addresses themes of love or family, he doesn't worship anyone, but shows us the underlying pains that rest in the vessels of love; he writes about the consequences of the things we hold dear — he is more philosophical.

His distinctive use of imagery paints a vivid picture of the dominant subject, which is life and its absurdities, and he reminds us that poetry is a soft pillow onto which we can lay our heavy heads and forget the world's turbulence.

Abdullatif's poetic prowess makes him exceptional, even though the tone in the book is critical and sombre. One doesn't want to put down the book unless one flips its last page.

"A Session in Therapy" is food for the hungry and hefty mind; it reminds one of the need for silence and isolation, as one should read it in solace while one refills one's empty soul with verses of courage.

Abdullatif is a divine writer whose poetry reflects the human mind — he spews what everyone tries to run from; so bold of him! A significant piece by a neat writer!

By; Godwin Muwanguzi, a Published Novelist, Columnist & Book Editor

IMPULSE BEHIND THIS BOOK

I have little or no knowledge of what you are passing through and what you would love to read or hear through poetry, however, I believe my motivation towards every piece in here has a heart to touch and a soul heal or a problem in the society to solve!

The reasons as to why I started writing this poetry collection wasn't because I wanted to create fancy fairy tales or to compose delusional poems with rhythmic lines or just to entertain anybody which I however believe will automatically happen as you read each poem which represents a session in "*A Session in Therapy*".

It's just that at times I get so perplexed with my own thoughts that I no longer feel, that I have a set of opinions that truly define who I am or even what I want to be which I believe may work for you and touch your soul!

So my only intention why I started writing this was to find a way to organize the thoughts that go inside me like the way to inculcate order in my thought process which I believe may shape the life of you who is reading this.

I believe that, writing inspires thinking and thinking inspires writing and these two are fundamentally inseparable.

I wanted to write, not just to convert caffeine into ideas but to be someone who sets out exploring someone who sets out from nothing but learns and grows along the way. Someone who is in pursuit to blur the line between the order of his imagination and the chaos of reality in the society we live in.

I am someone who does know how powerful his ideas are but stays faithful to them because they are mine. It may not inspire anybody (which I know inspires many anyway) and thus I may have a selfish approach towards writing but you see I just want it to be a means of controlling the direction of my life aimed at making the world a better place for us all and that's how it is.

This day and age, I don't know how responsive my writing is but if I can at least retrospect back in time, sometime in future and thank my present self for it as it covers themes of *Family*, *Identity*, *Love*, *Peace*, *Resilience*, *Social Justice*, *Women Emancipation*, *Environment* and *Religion*.

Then I think this poetry collection is worth being read by you, you and you and all who are determined and dedicated towards making the world a better place for us all.

Abdullatif Khalid Eberhard

A Session in Therapy

THE MOUNTAIN

The mountain is howling.
Weeping and the tears are curving.
Curving to the valley and soaking
Soaking, the valley with anger!

Her people are innocently killed!
Detained and painted by agony
And their land grabbed.
Grabbed by the people
The populace whom the mountain
Gave no name!

The devil of greed moves them!
The devil of violence!
The devil of hot desire!
But has the mountain given them a name?
I mean did the mountain call them
(I mean what did the mountain call them exactly?)

MY SEAL

My beginning lies in my conclusion!
I seek for certainty in confusion,
My mind wonders to find a home
Where everything mine feels like foreign.
My silence screams,
I hide my scars proudly,
Only if someone would come to listen
How my Stone body is broken?

Trying to find peace in chaos
Figuring my place in my cosmos
Measuring the distance between me
And infinity
I find the moon closer to me than
My vicinity,
I 'll be ruthless kind of!
And give you whatever is mine
I will stop the time if you ask me to!
Just close your eyes and look through.

THE EXQUISITE

I'm yearning for peace
To defy the rise
Yes!
The Conflict,
The inequality is rock clear
Under sorrow's guise.

But how do we heal?
Through diplomacy's art,
Grassroots might,
And cooperation's embrace,
We'll find the dainty.

THE COMB

I'm in search of peace but my mind roams
Through chaotic streets and crowded homes.
Tranquility is a fleeting friend to pursue
With a mindfulness peak.

But oh!
The trials of inner peace I face
In a world filled with chaos, it sets the pace
Of meditation to beckon on a tranquil beach
Of my thoughts like waves so still.

In all my relationships peace is a jazz
Very delicate to balance
But just too fraught with chance.
I navigate conflicts of emotions that run high,
Oh, I forgot the drama! How it makes me groan.

But how can peace descend like soothing skies?
Yes! In laughter shared like a comforting touch,
It blossoms with an elusive chase
In the absurdity I treasure.

MY STRUGGLE

Gather 'round and let me charm
The tales of conflicts and bitter tales.
Personal narratives are so grand
Amidst this world devoid of peace!

First, meet *Sarah* with eyes so wide
Her home was destroyed and her dreams deprived.

Then there's *John* with scars to show,
Of battles fought from wars long ago.
His aspirations for peace are clear,
Nonetheless conflict's grip with fears and tears.

Oh, the irony of it all!
Are personal narratives standing high?
In a world of trouble, I bravely stand
Hoping for peace in this troubled world.

But as I listen to their predicament,
I cannot forget that it's not just black and white!
My struggles call for a twinkle
Of hope for humankind.

HISTORY LESSONS

I have attended history classes!
I have learned a lot of lessons,
Of peace movements so brave,
From Gandhi's march to Martin's dream,
There are a lot of lessons of peace learned.

Nonviolent resistance as a powerful tool
Is my first lesson!
In the disguise of oppression, it breaks the rule!
From boycotts to sit-ins, the people rise.

Yes!
I saw Treaties signed and wars ceased
In the pursuit of peace!
Lessons learned from conflicts past,
That peace endures when hate is surpassed.

I heed the lessons imparted,
As peacebuilders brave in battles fought.
My strategies are the key
To build a world that's safe for us all.

I THOUGHT!

I assumed I was living
Until the day my eyes
Opened to find you in them.

Behind eyelids dreaming
Between tick-tocks of clocks
Seconds passing
Sweetly lingering between the pauses.

Like the melon
Dropped upon the slab
I split to open
Everything I thought I knew
Spilled out
Everything I thought was real
Was not.
All this time wasted
On a love that was lying!

YOU!!

Through those mysterious trails
I started getting familiar with you;
The glory of Obligation was undamaged;
But to me, your relief was no newer!

Am I so bad at reading eyes?
I wondered if we were seeing the same view!
Expressing my words in black and white was way lost!
But seldom, my words, still have *"YOU"!!*

THE PRECIOUS HOUR

The wind drew away precious hours,
Like coarse sand blown away by time!
The secret is that the truth was found missing!
In the eyes with which I built a shine.
In the complexity of my deranged deception,
The sun shone on the faithful and the unfaithful!
I tore you down piece by piece
While putting you high up the false support.

You crushed all my dreams like a broken mirror,
Every lunged shard a dagger's plunge deep,
Your empty life was a vessel I filled!
With foam water from temblors sea,
The sea of cold fire and hot ice!
I bore my ranging anger silently, calmly
The wounds were left forever open and swore
Till the day I couldn't bear it longer
And refused to be a fatality anymore.

THE BLOODY MOON

Soft saffron streams of sunset, soon
Sent me to sleep on a lazy Sunday.
Stirred only by bloody moon
Off to steal my heart
Stunning in a shimmering culet sari,
Steps aglow as she graced the garden path.
At the pond, she stops to fix her crown,
The stars snuck behind to see the splendid sight
In the mucky mirror down.

Glimpsing her gorgeous gaze,
She gasped and grinned,
Cherry blessing fell her feet ever enchanted
By her Cham
And were whispered up again
By the wooing wind.
She danced around the cedar tree
And marched across the meadow
To win the writer with her witchery.

THE RESIDUAL PAIN

And what do I do
With this residual pain
That haunts me in the
Darkness of the day?

My eyes are dry
But the memory is alive!
Like flashes,
They appear loud and live.

How do I stop this hurt?
This slow healing,
It's burning me up!

Only you know what it's like
When we two walk on paths
Unaligned!

I look to you for peace and comfort
Never leave me, darling
Those endless hurt
Stay with me.

THE BREAKING SOUL

Love has been like sweeping
It's my pieces scattered
Which I collect as I walk around
Without giving up on her!

Sometimes stepping over myself
Breaking myself while getting stabbed
By my fragments on the ground
Leaving behind the crimson marks
But I feel I should not give up
Because *I... Love... Her!*

I keep doing the chores,
Yes! I mean providing for her
Only for another gust to come
And scatter me all over in a wider area
Than before in more crumbles than ever
But still, I keep walking in the circles
Of agony because I can't give up on her!

I keep sweeping around collecting me
Until the ground under my feet is no longer dry

No longer dead, no longer it is colorless
I remain just a mere fragment
Of the great nothingness
As she in the end marries my brother
But I... can't... Give up on her!

LOVE, A BLIND REALITY

I kept you in a photograph
Under my pillow,
Your name came
In my paragraphs for submission
You had been smiling
Carelessly by myself.

He said it was immense love,
Flew me to paradise
Where we were detached from reality
Buried the old time saying that,
Love is blind.

Dear mate I know,
We believe that love
Is the only rational act
Forgetting how irrational
We grew with each passing day.

Lived like unicorns in a world,
That needed us to live a life so true
Blindfolded in the fantasies

From our favorite novel
That came to pass and just like that
The love withered
Because it wasn't watered.

THE SIGHTLESS VERACITY

It holds our actions captive,
In the cells of fantasies
Paying a deaf ear and turning
A blind eye to its dark side
That seems to be real!
Which drains our emotions
That flows like the oceans
Pacific and Antarctic

A visionless truth it is!
Where stars shine amidst the rain
We consider the thorns that
Prick us as crowns,
Looking at the flaws of those
We love as laws
Because a rose without thorns
It is not yet defined!

And that's how we go wrong
Crying alone at night with
No one along
Pretending to be strong

Amidst the storms
In the end, we are broken
By the bitter truth,
We seem to ignore
Because love is an unsighted certainty.

PRODUCT OF SPLIT

Born to a family split into two,
Divorce left me scars but not a clue,
Of the greatness that I lay within,
A talent waiting to begin.

I turned to pen and paper,
To make sense of the pain,
As I wrote I found a savior,
In the words that flowed like a shower.

My verses were my therapy,
My pain became my art,
And with each line, I found a key,
To unlock my wounded soul.

I poured my soul onto the page,
As I did, I found my voice,
And with each word, I turned the page,
On a life that once lacked prime.

In my poetry, I found a mode,
To make sense of the past,

And as I wrote I seized the day,
And made the pain my past.

MY MELANIN

"I A M D A R K
and
Luminous.
You
may
Reject me,
but,
I will always
be a reflection
of your Higher Self"

hold me

the earth…
the earth…
the earth…
i'd say mommy earth
but she's more than a mommy
mommies are unpredictable,
impulsive, egoistic
she's overwhelming, persevering,
intrinsic and freeing
we're all born to her!
before some of us turn away.

when

when does the burden of being
housed become too great?

it's like frustrating to find that line
before it is too twilight,
with the climate unpredictable.

endless drought, they say.
the snow is deep and killing, still.
spring will be here soon to stay.

REMINISCENCES

Reminiscences of you dawdle
Like a faded stain on my pet shirt,
One I dear to wear at homespun,
Feeling the comfort of the fabric,
Infusing my coffee with your essence,
Dawns remain gorgeous,
But with the despondent song of a solitary fowl.

The florae we fetched together blissful and elevated,
Is a testament to a love that endured!

Time never stops, and neither do emotions,
From the affection that seemed forever,
We fade, one memory at a time.

muteness

there's a bit
to be said about discreet
and peace
it can calm the soul
purify the mind
slow things down!

the world is so hectic now,
so much noise,
rarely silent,
with social media
there's always something.

it's hard to find a moment
yet we all need it
crave it really
that little bit of amity
it refreshes us
feeds inspiration
it's golden
and everything.

THE VOW

If fortune should rip us apart,
You'll continually remain in my mind,
No other could fill the cosmos you leave,
Without you, I could only lament.

I pray for decease to come, hasty and certain,
If living without you, I must tolerate,
Life without you is empty and cold,
A hollow shell and a story ineffable.

If I must leave this world unaided,
I wish to embrace you as my final home,
To hold you close and feel your warmth,
Yes! In your arms I find my calm.

Let me close my perceptiveness to see your face,
In our last embrace, I'll find my elegance,
To feel your heartbeat, steady and proximate,
In that moment, I'll have no distress.

In that gaze, our souls will meet,
With a love so deep,

So pure
And complete.
In our parting kiss lies a silent vow,
That I am forever yours, then and now.

THE RESTLESS SOUL

I am accustomed to everything and nothing
Secrets suppressed
Like a child hidden.

I whisper to myself
A silly habit
Nervously piercing
Now with resolve

I long to whirl free
With violent loveliness
But I'm held back
For I am lost to the eye
Beholden by the preferential.

Heart shaped organs,
Efficient tears,
More than one bloody fortnight
Dysphoric and **'graceful'**
If such a thing existed.

Portions of my soul

Beg for the sweet
Release to the senses
Alas, for the ears of the beloved
Are clogged with annoyance
And I sit alone, whispering to the
Restless soul within.

CONCEAL

The sun might hide,
Behind the cotton snowy,
Clouds might cry aloud
With sparkle and sounds
Tears of melancholy,
Be it tears of joy,
Bothers neither now,
As you stand looking by…

Crowd might walk,
Surrounded by all,
Yet unnoticed stands there
Might feel invisible,
You observing them,
Time and seconds looking at thee,
As you stand looking by…

All in rush, you might be lost,
Running away from,
Nothing yet everything,
So many possibilities to escape,
Still nowhere to hide,

You run with a wish to be found.
As you stand still,
Looking for nothing yet everything…

A COMBATANT'S NIGHTMARE

You asked me once again today;
"Have you dreamt again last night?" *you said.*
"It was just another dream...," *I said.*
You wondered; got worried about who I desire, instead.

I missed you more than time can delay.
Your body; lay alone, there once more.
While my body had gone to fight this war.
Our love apart while I was away,
Is what I fight for night and day.

You asked me, what and who I'd enjoyed.
Has my heart been cheating around on you?
I've been gone so long as I've been deployed...
Our love is what gets me through.

Bounded by time from your lonely heart.
My mind played this cinema of my desires.
Our eyes seek our flesh,
Our hands reached to grasp this flame-lit carnal fire.
The sunset by you there; as it's midnight for me,
Nighttime played with our worlds apart.

Now to you I segment, my inner me.
Just for you; my affection, I define...
How does my sleep envision what we can be?
Bound in shadows as our spirited souls reside.

Tonight holds you here within my own sight.
Your body and mind formed
Within my dreamlike designs.
Have you asked me all you care or might?
This has not made me reconsider or resign.

Come with me now deep inside these dreams;
Our bodies wish to consummate and conspire.
Let me hold all of you, and lay with you by my side.
I pray you to sleep with me alone,
Having hope and love as our guide.
Your heart, and your touch, soothes me so right now...
Quenching all of my deepest desires.

Find us now in my dream-scraped mind.
Our bodies reunited as one.
Visions of our moments together we might find.
Come to me in my dreams each night; now my love,
And pray we'll be wed soon as this war is done.

I'll STAND ALONE

As I stipend a war of one
My missiles can't fail me now
Furnished with my words as swords
Never can I be forced to bow.

What can a couple of words do?
Do they really count for that much?
Is my armor tough enough?
Does my empathy act like a crutch?

One at war waging, raging alone
As people hurl their hate and disdain
My words are my fight song
I will stand alone forever, I will sustain!

COMPASSION

The opponent below is sneaky,
Using bitterness as a weapon,
An excuse to validate our sin.

Winning the easier path is lonely,
Failing at the art of forgiving,
more damaging than the trauma.

Pity isn't about acceptance,
Its true purpose is that of curing,
Accepting and letting go.

By no means does this refute,
It simply stops unending pain,
In the cycle of self-deprivation.

Forgiveness isn't about you,
Forgiveness isn't about me,
Forgiveness is only about us.

EMPRESS OF DIMNESS

Nearly folks light up your soul,
Others dim your spirit with their poison.

Nearly all people bring kindness and concern,
Others bring despair and nastiness.

Nearly all people walk in the light,
Others hide in dark places.

Nearly all people open their souls to love and share,
Others bring hate and jealousy.

Nearly offer a helping hand,
Others walk away.

Nearly stick in your side like a thorn,
Others soothe and heal the pain.

Nearly smell sweet like a rose,
Others smell sour.

Nearly light up the world and shine like the sun.

I'M

I'm a stylist
Shut-in, that won't stay
Dead.
I'm obtainable without a
Prescription; like a bad-faith
For your head.

Always Bigfoot's last
Choice.
An anthropoid turned illegal,
With a robot voice.
So please turn off
Your cell phone hacks.
For my *"based on a true story"*
The life that watches back.

As my neurons are
For external use only.
And my thoughts
Are filmed on location,
In double hallucination
Solitary…

TREASURED YOU

I frequently epochs spend hours,
Rational too plentiful about you.
My mind goes into dark cronies,
Retrieving memories not so new.
Replaying events of time past
And remembering times I've lost,
Images of you in my head,
So often that bridge I cross.
Thinking of secret things,
That were never yours to know,
I go numb at the agonizing thought
Of why it had to be so.
I spend time wondering where you are
And the things that you do,
I wonder how your life is
And how you've made it through.
But daily I'm shelled with questions,
Seeking responses to make gears right,
So I request that you tell me,
How do you sleep at nights?
I'm asking for my fidgety soul,
And my mind which is a mess,

For my violated body parts
That are just not over *"YOU"* yet.
For the nights I go emotionless,
And the nightmares that I've faced,
For the anxiety and disturbing images,
That refuse to be erased.
For staring up at the nothingness, r
Replaying stories I'll never tell,
I'm just inquisitive how you're doing,
Since my life has just been hell.
Question, do you eat well?
Because the wizards you left are vile.
They keep my appetite with them,
Then loan me for a little while.
I soak in all the judgments,
Questions about my sanity,
Listening to how I'm not the same, b
But it's from you that I need clarity.
I wonder if you're easily terrified,
Or if you harm yourself too,
Ever since our last *"encounter",*
That's all I've been able to do.
Sharp silver on used flesh,
Red pain rushing to finishing lines,
I force my mind to forget you

And the innocence that's no longer mine.
Numbing and repeating,
Blocking your gruesome voice,
Disassociating from this reality
Because you never gave me a prime.

UNACCOMPANIED

I took a stride with you
    I did
You were not nearby.
You did
    Sleep with me
    Beneath your sheets.

I took a walk unaccompanied
I did
    You wanted me.
    You did
To make love to me
Beneath your sheets.

    I made love to you
    I did
You would have moaned.
You did
    To find I did
    Unaccompanied.

MONDAY

You awakened with the palate of your words
In my entrance
And pain, of course, that
Ran through scenarios of seepage
Before shutting off the alarm
Wiped sleep away
Birdsong,
Weather,
Chocolate,
Alexa.,

Monday hums my name,
But I'm gaining on the grays
And slower than yesterday
Late and a rush of work
I plan for a nap I won't take and sigh
Monday
The only thing good is you!

LESTAT THE EVIL SPIRIT

By way of amassing in observation,
I wonder: has humanity vanished from our world?
Are we mere shadows of our former selves,
Devoid of balminess and empathy,
Preying on the weak and self-absorbed,
Without a conscience to guide us?

This thought leads me to Anne Rice's works,
Particularly *"Memnoch the Devil"*.
Even Lestat, the vampire prince of darkness,
Fought against the devil, a being with a cold heart,
Yet retained a spark of humanity within.

How can this be?
What are we, then, in this realm,
With blood flowing
Complete our veins and a beating heart?
Why do we impose malice upon one another?
Why can't we live in harmony
And fight against the forces of dimness?
Why can't we work together to bring peace
To earth and restore humanity?

We need to recognize the value of empathy,
Compassion, and kindness in our daily lives.
Yes! by embracing these qualities,
We can start to rebuild a world that's more just,
Equitable, and peaceful.

OBSCURITIES

I have jotted my opinions.
Habitually as a sensitivity
Enthused by the urge of subtle denotations
To give life to lyrics.
After living and then soon afterwards.
Will you sort through
Stuff that holds certain value
The day I decease,
Will you scream?
Over opinions and kits
Found there for you that bring
Emotion fringed with soreness.
Time's now gone of our intimacy.
Loved was the life we led
Naked by us before we were wed
So many retentions to grasp.
Filled with multifarious odds and ends.
Junk drawers to suppose
Assorted gifts all disclosed
Opened up in all sorts of customs.
Rhyming of verse was once my desire.
As I wrote these words upon my heart

To this end I now impart
So my poems might speak as my eulogy.
I prized and lived with such veracity.
A silent man; I was, now constantly more.
Preach it once like Poe, then nevermore.
My words at my graveside; so ever earnest.
Glooms of my life… in couched pillars.

HE

The creamery murmurs
Of His implicit words,
Linger in my pessimistic mind
They charm me through a corridor
Of what-ifs
What if He is genuine?
What if He is true?

I feel condensed with an immersed desire
For our family
Please do not rouse me
From this cherished wonder
Tales are being weaved with His magic touch
Please tell me He is a mighty pen
Being guided to reality my ethereal.

LEAF OF ATTENTION

The touch of perpetuity
While in this worldly shape
As golden hues livelier than the sun
Will transference me to these sanctified islets
With hallucinations of gold and light
Like a dream that is; *"oh so real"*
While my words never leave any folio
Yet among the stars they will fury.

IF

If I didn't love you sufficient today,
Will you forgive me tomorrow?
When I sit here with a soul full of sorrow and repentances
I thought I did make sure u were happy but it cost me
My whole world and life trying to offer.
My cheerfulness up with you beautiful girls and boys
My God gave me family loyalty over everything
The memories of Gag seem to cheer me up.

But I'm not around y'all,
I try to stay by but it lets not my heart rest it puts it
To the testing made mistakes
I confess will you ever forgive me
Because each day without y'all
My heart aches and bleeds
Please let God give you a need for me.

IN THIS MOMENT

The silent night is adorned with tranquility.
Crickets chirp in harmony,
A masterpiece for the ears; dew falls gently,
As all around rests.
Nature rouses, posturing in bliss,
Satisfying the air with the sweet scent of peace.
As I immerse myself in this tranquility,
I sit still, savoring it all,
If nature knows I'm invading its tranquility.
Yet, I yearn for this – a life like a tall tree,
Credible in the wind,
With each leaf telling a story of memories past,
Whispers of love, loss, and growth.
I listen, thoughtful if they share my riddles,
But there's no one to tell – perfect for the life
I envision,
where peace is bestowed, and my mind is at ease.
And in this moment, I am free.

HER NAME WAS ROSELYN...

Roselyn would carry baskets of blossoms
And blooms she had picked that day
From meadows touched with morning dew.
As the sun would set,
She'd pin a red rose upon her chest.
Her daily tour was to bike for miles
From her flower-filled Isle to the mainland beaches
She'd often explore.

Miles on, feet never tire as her heart pumped pedals.
Her bicycle tires spinning, flower petals shimmering;
As simmering summer days passed along paths
By her way on sand and shore.

Her purpose was to create love in others;
In a sense so shy of love herself,
Pollinating their romance and desires by sending her
Into their love within.
Herself planted like a wildflower into the fields
Of lovers all along her daily way.
Nature's own bouquet…
She shares her flowery common scents,

As this was her loving and daily chore.
Salty waves of sweat lap upon her rose red lips,
Her hips and sunbonnet sway along the sea's breeze.
Her dockside ferry carries her along to another world,
All alone with her purposes as she moves along.
Selling her flowers to people on ship
As she gathers her tips,
And as they stroll along
The beach-fronted promenade boards.

So as the sunset shown the day's last light,
Love's destiny had one remaining insight.
Roselyne knew she had only one more bloom.
Her bicycle and her would be there soon.
She would hurry now;
Her money all earned and all day along,
Her duty sent her further to deliver this rose.
So close to her; her heart-warmed chest,
Was this single rose that she had worn since dawn.

Along rows of grit gray stones,
Her reddened, ripe rose
Was onto its final resting place.
Not much longer now.
Darkness would soon arrive to take her away.

For Roselyne, we know now, not being so ordinary,
Found her love within the local military honors cemetery.

Here it was so custoRoselyn,
And had become Roselyn's daily sanctuary.
Loss for her husband's life taken so soon,
Ever since that day after they were married.

He'd been lost to her a long time ago
In the battlefields of the war to end all wars.
She vowed to end her days by his side,
And that she did this day and always forever more.
As the sun rose each day her love
For him had always endured.

AUBURN ADORATION

I feel where your lips
Had swallowed upon the lip
Wanting to know that hotness
Again.

Varied of retentions
As eventually we were
A cool cream in coffee swirls
Stirred.

Drank with eyes
And mouth and tongue
Said more of such moments;
Of us among.

MY LIFE

Silent distractions,
And infinite examinations,
Heartbeats broken palpitations,
Dreams are confined to restless sublimation!
Smiles are imposed often as an opaque decoration,
Such symptoms do afflict the population
Healing through written communication
Poetry promotes global realizations
Love and peace is my destination.
Express within myself,
Reaching readers,
Write to unite.

savouring the peace

am i me?
who am i?
my thoughts wander,
        lost in the darkness,
unsure of where or who i am.
sadness surrounds me,
        a disgusting silence.
stuck, i struggle to escape.
screeches within me are muffled,
        unable to surface.
i gasped for air, feeling stifled.
my hand reaches out for a comforting
        embrace but finds only darkness.
alone, i'm consumed by fear,
        yet ironically,
i feel safe.
my eyes long for light,
but it remains subtle.
        tears flow, uninhibited,
        as emotional sounds boom in my mind.
in loneliness, i'll keep my eyes locked,
savoring the peace i've yearned for.

the time

time spent is now wasted!
i lost my life
to the treasures of this world,
and i lost my soul
to a devil who promised me riches and gold.
oh, how i wish
i spent my time better than this.

PONDERING

I ponder deeply!
Does divine presence truly silently creep
Through the corridors of time?
Does divinity hold amidst the silence?
Does a creator's hand truly lie?
Or are we but creatures of chance and fate
Wandering alone in an uncertain state?

I question the tales of gods above,
Why does injustice dance in endless choruses?

FAITH ENDURES

Doubt reigns in my shadow so deep!
But faith is my light and guiding flame.

Through trials so fierce like a whispered hope
When all seems dashed.

In whispered prayers and silent pleas,
It breathes new life like a gentle wind.

Though unseen it's a power so vast.

IS IT ABOUT THE OFFERTORY?

"If religion is all about offertory," as they say,
"I'll walk a path where freedom holds power.
For in the pits of my searching soul,
I find truth that's not measured in gold."

No altar adorned with treasures,
No incense smoke rising on a prayer.
Their mission is for a deeper kind of polish, Yes!
The one that transcends any sacred dwelling.

They seek the essence of humanity's dilemma,
In the silent whispers of the darkest evening.
Not in rituals or chants do they confide,
But in the compassion that flows far and extensive.

To them, religion is not bound by decree,
But in the love that sets the spirit open.
In kindness shown to those in need,
I'll always plant the seed of empathy.

And if religion's coffers hold no allure,
They'll seek their truth steadfastly and unquestionably.

But in the end, it shall not be about the fee,
Rather the boundless love that sets us open.

WHO IS GOD?

Who is God, that timeless mystery,
Whose quintessence is shrouded in history?
Is He the whisper in the wind's soft sigh?
Or the blaze within the fiery sky?

Does He dwell in the depths of the sea?
Or in the heart of every tree?
Is He the silence in the darkest night?
Or the spark that ignites the morning light?

Does He walk among us, unseen yet near?
Guiding, protecting, calming fear?
Or does He linger in realms above,
Watching over with boundless love?

Who is God, this eternal flame,
Whose very mention evokes acclaim?
Perhaps the answer lies within,
In the depths of our souls, where faith begins.

IN THE DARK DAY

Floating clouds remind me of myself
Hanging to nothing on the blue sky;
Closure in all shades of white and grays
Crying their silent cries,
On gush of wind away from falling apart
One appeal of thunder away from breaking down!

Something about this downpour speaks to me,
From the peaceful breeze, it brings
And the havoc it leaves.
And as much as I love this wind
I know somewhere a boy like me
Is throwing buckets of water
Out of his home
While her sick mother coughs and
His hungry brother's cries.

As much as I'd like to dance in the rain
I can't bring myself to get up
From this Terrance floor
As my heart cries along with the sky
As cliché as the sounds

I hear my heart slow down its pace
As a storm brews in my mind
So I sit there and stare in the void, the sky is.

THE HEROINE

She is a figurehead of strength and refinement,
Her presence commands attention in every domicile.
She stands tall her head held high,
Radiating confidence that catches the discrimination.

Her eyes sparkle with intelligence and humor,
Her voice carries authority, she knows how to fit
In every situation and shines like a star.

She's an emblem of hope and a beacon of light
Guiding those who are lost, towards what's accurate.
She inspires and motivates, leads by illustration,
Her energy is contagious, never a sample.

She's the symbol of endurance,
She has the power to flourish,
The force of nature, who knows how to survive,
The storms of life, with poise and loveliness,
She's the one who never quits, no matter the contest.

MOTHER, THE GODDESS

Mother divine goddess so fair,
Your love and grace beyond relate
You're a creator, a nurturer
A protector, a healer with all your valor.

In your womb, we found our first home
From your body, we were formed and grown
Your gentle touch your soothing voice
In your clinch, we found our joys!

With your gentle kiss, you heal our pain
With your loving words, you calm our brain
Your compassion, your patience, your care.

The mother goddess of love
Your blessings showered from above
Is the source of life a force of nature
A teacher, a friend, and a true nurturer.

VOICE OF CONFESSION

I saw her at midnight
Hiding in turn!
Her abuser hunts her down,
With violence, he wears a crown!

The bruises on her skin,
Are scars of his sin!
He uses his power,
To make her cower.

Gender-based violence is a cruel reality,
That robs women of their dignity,
It's a cycle of abuse,
That's difficult to refuse!

But we must stand up and fight,
Against this scourge of the night,
With education and awareness,
We can break this cycle of unfairness.

Let us lend our voice,
And make a powerful noise,

To protect the women of our land,
And end this violence at hand.

Gender-based violence is not just a woman's fight,
It's a battle for human rights,
Together we can make a change,
And put an end to this brutal exchange.

THE SUPREMACY

It propels my vision,
And makes me fulfill my mission.
When backed up by determination,
It brings about the realization!

It travels across the sea
To obtain the key,
It never gives in to worry
Nor does it choose to hurry.

It makes a difference
Between failure and excellence,
Give it a place in your heart,
Cherish, and nurture it, so it won't depart
Nobody can oppose
One with purpose!

BURY ME

Bury me!
Deep underneath the ground,
As shadows dance and silence crashes.
Why?
Why are my rights hunted
like a thought?
My dignity unaddressed
And left like a haunted house, to fade...

Grant me not the fleeting stare
Of hollow words and empty compliments.
But bury me where freedoms burn with life
Where dignity can never perish,
a perpetual fire of liberty...

What is a man without his due?
Whose rights and voice are upheld in view?
In this demise of fleeting pants,
I'm weighed down with chains of death!
Where's my end, is it sainted or villained?

Bury me where justice grows
And it doesn't stop at that but fulfilments too
In sacred soil as darkness looms,
Let me rest where I will find light
My rights as a man shall be known.

MOM

Mom!
You took husks and gave me grain
From the cradles you cleaned for me to crawl
When nobody understood my language
You always interpreted and provided.

Mom!
When nobody could realize my pain
You would understand my cries,
The bitter herbs were mine but you tested it first,
Under the scorching sun you walked
With your cloth and arms all over me
As it hit you but you were never hurt,
For you put your heart on seeing me alright.

Behind you is a mileage
Quite nostalgic and sometimes tragic
But in all you fought to have me into who I am today

THE CURVED LIPS

There's a certain curve
On your lips that tell a tale,
It is a story of joy and hope,
Unfolding without miscarry.

It's a curve that speaks of love,
Of kindness and delight
It's a curve that says *"all is well"*
And makes the world feel right.

It's a curve that fills my heart
With comfort and glee
It's a curve that tells me "*grin"*
And sets my soul at ease!

ABHORRING NATURE

I can't stand the rain
Against the roof,
Tapping out the tune
Of my failures in the past
Reminding me how you promised
Our love would last.

I can't stand the birds,
How their shrill voices unite
In a high-pitched mocking laugh
Reminding me of the loneliness,
Now my daily path.

I can't stand the river,
The bubbling brook.
The sounds of life without you
Remind me that I have nothing
No happy times left
Because of everything you took.

LOVE FOR LUST

This is what has become of love,
We replaced quality times
With hugs and kisses!
A genuine connection between sex,
Inconsistency for intimacy, Love for lust!

We don't touch the mind,
Body and spirit any more,
We only touch skin to skin,
Yet call it Chemistry!
Yet, wonder when it goes not amount
To anything.

Yet again, how dare you build a
House without foundation and expect
It to last longer
Throughout the storms of life.

PROSPECT'S PAST

What if tomorrow abides
Within yesterday's footing?
Unveiling secrets of its depths,
The things that lie forward,
Painting a canvas of its uncharted space,
A compass to guide us through paths unspoken.

As we inscribe yesterday with today's pen,
Sowing destiny in reality's unkind domain,
Shaping what awaits,
Weaving life with wisdom's thread,
Molding the future, free from dread.

If the future is written,
Then of course it's part of yesterday,
Yes! Some say no one knows tomorrow,
But the truth is there's no tomorrow without today,
So yesterday has to be written for today to follow,
Birthing tomorrow.

We live to behold the areas of what we've seen,
Untying the unknowns woven

In the fabric of what has been,
The seeds sown and the story penned,
Time just follows the well-worn tale's track.

Scatterbrained authors pen in hand,
Yet, trapped in a circling design,
Adrift questioning the future,
They wove in yesterday,
Victims of their art,
Say tomorrow is unkind.

Shrouding their eyes with deceit,
Repeating the same lines.
Unable to see that tomorrow
Was born in yesterday's time,
Birthing the same yesterday that today writes.

Bounded by the areas we've spun, at last
What we call the future
Is what the past makes come to pass.
The truth is we've all lived our future;
What is next lies in what has passed,
Our reality is the future envisioned by our past.

RISE

It's time to rise up!
Lift one's spirit
High towards the sky
To leave behind the little things
To leave behind the humdrum.

It's time to rise up,
To something bigger
Grander.

It's time to lift oneself towards the sky,
Towards the universe,
Towards the stars,
Towards all that is good.

It's time to rise up!
To take the spirit to a higher place
It's time.

WRITE FROM WITHIN!

Words drenched with feelings
Dripping wet with meanings
Poetic puddling revealing
Creative urge increasing
Verses spurt releasing
Rhymes blended pairing
Dreams become inspiring
Readers express their feelings
To 'write from within', is so appealing.

I

I am a Muslim,
Not a terrorist.
I'm a creature of Allah,
And my heart's true.

I am a follower of peace,
And I respect all faiths.
My religion teaches love and light,
It's not a cause for hate.

My hijab is a sign of modesty,
Not a sign of fear.
My prayer seeks for peace,
And I bow down with love and care.

I'm not a threat to you,
I'm just like you, my friend.
My faith does not make me evil,
And I pray for Peace.

LIFE

The trials
The betrayals
The denials
Of all individuals!

It's devoid of serenity
But full of insecurity,
The poverty,
A myth to all is stability
And I wonder if this is sanity!

IN ACTS!

Nature has nothing for itself,
Rivers don't swill their own water,
Trees don't consume their own fruits,
The sun doesn't bounce heat to itself,
Flowers don't spread fragrance
for themselves!
Why not take care of them then?
Why not protect them?

THE PAINTER

My dream is authentic and true
In preserving what is due
For nature to subdue,
I preserve and protect the residue!
Venturing with reverence so deep
As nature's secrets gently peep
It's a brighter future I 'll paint a hip!

Alas!
Nature calls with encirclement as its tale unfolds!
Of travelers seeking sights untold
Amidst the world where beauty beholds
Heeding it is a noble quest!
To tread with care in natures nest.
With beautiful landscapes enchant at rest
I… Take…
Eco-conscious footsteps gentle and slow.

In congruence I wander hand in finger
Preserving wonders protecting this parcel.
From towering peaks to lavish valleys beneath!
Through verdant forests I find my tactic

To paint a new world by protecting
Birds croon with melodies so sweet
A chorus of life in rhythm complete.

THE EARTH' TEARS

The earth's weeping,
The ocean's rising,
The storm's raging,
The ice's melting!
A vivid reminder
Of our poor decisions!

Like a sonata that lost its tune,
The world looks different like a dissolute moon
The sun which once brought life and dainty
Now burns and scalds with all its might.
A vivid reminder of our poor decisions!

Like a sonata that lost its key,
The birds stop chirping, the animals flee
Forced to survive in hostile conditions,
And the once green forests are now
A laughing stalk!
A vivid reminder of our poor decisions!

We're caught in the crossfire
Our future at stake.

The damage is done,
But we must not break!
As all that remain is a life that is no more.
A solution must be found before all is taken
Let's recycle and plant some more,
Switch to renewable energy count the score,
Let's leave in harmony with nature
For the sake of the world our mother.

A NIGHT IN HEAVEN

I dreamt of a world,
Where the earth was free.
The air was clean,
And the oceans were pristine.
The forests were lavish,
The animals bloom.

The skies were clear,
The people could blossom.
I dreamt of a place,
Where we worked in concord
Took care of each other
And shared our prosperity.
I dreamt of a future,
Where we lived in peace.
Respected the earth,
Our Mother!

THE FEEL

I handy my senses,
Take a bottomless sniff,
To feel the nature around me
To sync the nature within me.

I smell the attar
Of a tint very gentle and silky
The tender odor filled with
Shadowy divinity.

I perceive the chip
Of a birdie perturbing its wings
The cheap and peep pulling
Euphonious strings!

I perceive the posh
Of the leaves swishing in tree above
The susurrus whisper of leaflets as
Chatting grove!

I searched myself,
I introspected within,

The emotions seemed feeble but were stronger,
They prejudiced the guise and cowed the charm.

O'ER TO YOU

I mined the peak soils,
To bury my yearning heart.
And I know it will only take
Single call from you.
Just one hello,
And the deep-sea will shake its beds
Till its waves rise,
And exhume my heart
To fetch it back to you!

how will i live?

well, i know death comes for us all someday!
i just wasn't ready for that day to be today,
you said you were tired and ready to move on
but man, what am i supposed to do now
that you are gone?
because i "got" a thousand things to say
that you'll never get to hear
and i am wishing on every star i see for you
to re-appear.

yeah!
i know everyone in this world leaves,
and i can't fight back these tears falling from my eyes!
can you please tell me what i am supposed to do?
guess i have to find a way to live without you!

that day you moved on,
i entered into hell, felt like my soul is left with you
and i am just an empty shell!
being stuck here without you is like being torn apart
because when you left you took away more
than half my heart!

i "got" a thousand things to say
that you will never get to hear,
and i am wishing on every star i see for you
to re-appear.

i know one day i will get to see you again,
but what am i supposed to do from now till then?
every time i miss you more and more,
struggling to find something worth living for!
because when you left you took away more
than half my heart!
i "got" a thousand things to say
that you will never get to hear
and i am wishing on every star i see for you
to re-appear.

SPUR WITHIN

We begin as glowing sparks
Cast into a dismal dark.

Floating up as no one knows
Unsure how or where to go.

Some will rise so high to see
As most will fall before they be.

Gone along an unmarked course
Far beyond the distanced source.

Letting go with this fiery dance
Confined by notions of a life by chance.

As we are as we imagine
Feel that spur within,
– burn it with passion.

MYSELF

I'd rather look death straight in the face
And know he is there rather
Than looking over my shoulder for him.

I'd like to write my own script
Than let someone else direct the story of my life.
I don't want to waste a second without complete
honesty with myself and anyone else.

I want to taste all the flavors of life,
The bitter sweetness of both pain
And sorrow all the way to pleasure and joy.

I am much happier failing
At something worth trying
Than putting around
With some weary dead-end resort.

I'd rather be broke, homeless,
Maimed chasing my wildest dreams
Than never reaching for them in the first place.

I'd rather be alone cocooned
In my web of dream catching
Than surrounded by those
Who have resigned themselves
To dreamless existence.

But mark my words,
I will not let these dreams die before I do,
They were bestowed to me
By the stars above while I sleep,
And shan't waste them.

Where else do dreams come from?

MELODY WITH NATURE

Sympathetic vibrations are felt
Radiating from all around,
To remind us of what's important
That must be found.
As we struggle each day with problems
That may arise,
And face the consequences
Of choices without reprise.

Coming from people around you
In life's endless journeys,
Like spirits of past generations
Reborn as towering trees.
Found in forests where balance
Is maintained by animals,
Whose voices are heard
When the blue sky above trembles.

Being filled by an encompassing symphony
Heard all around,
As creatures gather to enjoy
The beauty of joyous sound.

Ever growing in complexity
Until a moment does arrive,
When crescendo is reached
And the world comes alive.

As morning light shines
Upon darkness revealing shadows,
And life awakens in a bustle
Of movement within meadows.
Where butterflies search for food
Among flowers aplenty,
In a dance of grace and elegance
Reflected thru beauty.

Observed by people whose lives
Seem without purpose,
Looking for a place to take away
Their everyday stress.
Away from the world that offers
No joy or good tiding,
Where they may rest and find sense
Of renewed well-being.

THE WORLD OF CHAOS

I stress to be calm,
I hurry through my day
For the slowdown of night
My heart breaks with
Each dawn
And each passing second.

I detest the unknown
Yet crave it in full,
Where does the time go
And where did it come from,
Anyway?

Anyway...
I digress
These are just late night thoughts
Following me to sleep,
Until they morph with my dreams.

Realities unknown,
Dimensions untouched,
Minds unopened,

Indifferences... understandable.

One day,
Maybe soon
Then again,
Maybe not...
These nonpartisan phenomena
Will unite us at last!

ONE LAST PHASE... ONE LAST STAGE

As the clock wound up,
Tick toking its way through ups and downs...
With paws on my lap,
I turned around and
Looked straight.
Looked through,
The simple yet magnificent building
That built me up all through these years.

The best days of my life flashing through,
With my glasses fuming,
With the torrents and torrents of rain falling on the ground below.
Their thunderous roar sent down shudders
As huge waves of the time spent kept hitting me.

One last time,
I desired to talk about my worst fears
That lay sucking my soul.
One last time,
I held the hands of my professors and friends

Secretly wishing not to be parted.
But they know what I know not,
About life and its intricate designs.

Our family of four crossed through,
Mountains, forests and lakes,
Away from the place of my dreams
"What's to become of us, now?" I thought,
With fear grappling my heart,
Now that the anchor has been pulled up
And I set sail for the unknown.

As I sat at the rear end of the vehicle
Desperately trying to fight back my tears,
Invisible to the watchful eyes of my dear parents
Yet so soulfully visible to my furry friend.

Her reassuring paw in hand and
My professors' lasting words
Powerful to the last syllable,
Lifted my low spirits,
As I signed off,
With a cheerful heart,
One last time,
As being the Santa of Seagram.

HUM ME A TUNE

Hum me a tune that takes me home.
A melody which fills the air.
Like sunlight coming through a cracked window.
Like my brother's forgotten laughter.

A lyric, that wafts and lingers on.
Like the talcum scent
Of my grandfather's embrace.
Like the dash of masala in my mother's cooking.

A voice, that calms me down.
Like lemonade and video games on a hot afternoon.
Like the hymns in Punjabi
Which woke me up every morning.

Sing me a song, that tells me I'm safe.
And puts my guardian angels to sleep.
Sing me a song, that nurses my soul,
When Nostalgia decides to weep.

UNRUFFLED

When glooms creep and blackness sprays,
I'll light a flame within these walls,
With every flash, a guiding sunlit,
To lead you through the longest darkness.

If cries like rivers start to flow,
I'll bring a boat to row and noise,
Through storms and waves, I'll keep you dry,
Until the clouds leave the firmament.

When fears arise and courage fades,
I'll be your shield through all falls,
With steadfast love, I'll hold you constricted,
Unruffled, we'll conquer every match.

I'M SCARED

Alter side of the coin I now reside,
I apologized for my late recognition,
Denial and vain attempts on my behalf,
Trying to see another way through.
I'm scared.

I gave myself space to trial and see,
Praying my misgivings were just that,
Feeling the full effects of that decision,
Losing myself into the abyss each time.
I'm scared.

All of the fighting to flee my instincts,
Disintegrate with my very life breath,
Albeit a temporary wave of intoxication,
That robs me so completely of me.
I'm scared.

The eyes are the windows to the soul,
When you disappear into that space,
All I can see is the glass like reflection,
The woman I love momentarily lost.

I'm scared.

I wish I'd spoken into it much sooner,
Shame and fear left me hamstrung,
Ironically within my own invaded mind,
I saw the honest destruction so clearly.
I'm scared.

Powerless to change another but me,
I choose to fold my hand to games end,
Cut my losses and count my blessings,
An experience I can't afford to repeat.
I'm scared.

Please don't misinterpret my meaning,
This is not a literary intervention,
God knows that never yields results,
I'm just processing my troubled mind.
I'm scared.

How could you know the extent?
Unless I lifted my averted eyes,
The lingering effects now define,
Rare glimpses of the you I know.
I'm scared.

Values compromised by necessity,
Not possible to maintain them both,
Endangering the life, you fought for,
With every acrid puff of smoke.
I'm scared.

I am here for you no matter what,
Please take care of my girl,
I just needed to articulate my fear,
In order to shed its control.
I'm scared... I'm losing you.

MO...

The beauty of the falling rain.
Sweat rolling down his arms, strained.
The cool breeze embracing her face.
He cupped her face and wiped
Away gratitude tears' trace
She closed her eyes to remember
The warmth of his smile
Some of us snooze in bed but just to go to school
The kid needs to hike many miles
She looked away to hide the depth of her feelings
The baby bites on everything because he is teething
Where are you looking at and what are you looking for?
There's beauty in every moment.
You don't have to look far down the shore.

THE CHAOTIC MIND

The quiet darks ask my chaotic mind-
'What's the destination,
Of your peace's vacation?'

Why are your bleeding projections ugly?
With the ripped off skin,
Reeking of chlorine?

I tried cleansing my fresh wounds,
To the nights I'd reply,
But words won't come by.

So I paint my soul on a rugged canvas
Stressing on the red,
Where my monsters led.

But will the nights trust my trauma?
And locate my peace?
To put me at ease.

I'm tired of the chaos dancing within.
Questioning my sanity!

Creating an infinity.

O' beautiful night, do find my peace.
It's all I'll ever need
That's all you'll ever feed.

So you let my canvas seep inside of you
To help me tame-
The mind I blame.

For my peace took the ultimate vacation
Resting in monotony
Enjoying old money

YOU'LL GET THROUGH IT

If you are fighting with the demons of your past,
Trying to forget the hurt and stand steadfast,
Trying to stop your heart's silent bleed,
And see yourself with guilt-free eyes indeed.
Questioning whose fault, it was?
Did love fade, or was it never there at all?
Remember, you're not alone
You will get through it; you will rise tall.

Your mind will find its peace once more,
And your lips will smile as they did before.
You'll laugh with a heart full of genuine cheer
And the world will be better again, my dear.

TRACE OF CONFIDENCE

When hope is lost,
Heavy darkness settles in
Light and diminishes.
The idea of tomorrow fades,
We feel mired down in muck.

We are paralyzed!
People lose their north,
They lose their sense of purpose
Seeking any sliver of light to lift them.
To show them the way
Seeking anything to inspire.

When hope is lost and darkness comes
We hunger for the light,
We tire of the heaviness,
We long for hope
Anything
When hope returns
We lift ourselves up
We seek the light
Want to stand in the sun

And never leave,
Let the light and warmth heal.

When hope returns,
We have a can do feeling!
We believe once again
We are willing to try,
We offer a hand,
We smile brightly,
Laughter can be heard.

We are inspired,
We can create,
Music gets louder,
People dance,
Hope is everything.

NOT TOLERABLE

When it's not all ok,
You see black!
You curse everything and everyone around you,
You forget all the truths!
The lies become real
As every heavy second that passes
Piercing in your heart,
A hole that can't be healed
As you slowly fade away!

But what's ignored is all the actual good deeds
And the people who mean to you,
What you forget is
That one truth amongst the lies,
That one shoulder who's beside you when you cry,
That one blessing amongst all curses
And that one missing piece that
Heals your broken heart
And make it beat again.

THE WAYWARD KIN

In the stillness of the dawn, I rise,
With sorrow in my omniscient eyes.
I sculpted the world
And painted it blue to the endless sky.

I breathed life into the rolling seas,
And whispered secrets to the trees.
But now I see with grieving heart,
The world I loved, torn apart.

O mortals, heed my mournful cry,
Natural forests are now clean like a bald head,
Rivers are turned to grime,
You taint the work of the divine?

Your factories belch their toxic breath,
Bringing forth untimely demise.
You strip the earth, you scar her skin,
Ignorant of the grave you're in.

My wrath shall fall on those who choose,
To squander gifts, they can't refuse.

The storms will rage, the fires will burn,
You'll learn a harsh lesson!

Hope remains within your hands,
To heal and nurture these fair lands.
Plant the trees, cleanse the streams,
Restore the world of which you dream.

Turn from greed and embrace the earth,
See the value in her worth.
Every seed and drop of rain,
Can wash away your deepest stain.

Remember this, my "wayward kin",
To destroy the earth is your own sin.
Protect her with a tender heart,
And we shall never be apart.

A SESSION IN THERAPY

The coast is clear
There's no one else here to feast on your pain!
"It's okay if you do not want to open up yet,
We have all the time in the world to help you,
Do not get to the point of forcing yourself to speak
Take your time, allow yourself to be comfortable.
The words will come out themselves
Take your all the time you need!"
I burst into tears as I heard these words
From a professional, she knows what's best
Sitting across to her,
I could barely master the courage to speak.

But I'm already here, there's no turning back now
Because there's nothing behind, only pain and suffering
My mind is made up, today I shall seek help
Slowly, I begin to break the silence
I could only let out what seems to be a mutter.

Then came the flood of my tears
As I began to let out the words of my anxiety
For so long I had shut myself out to the world

Now I break open the safe
To let out my currency exchange of emotions.
I could barely hold back the tears
As lay my burdens on her
She listened with all eagerness and enthusiasm
Enthused about the fact
That she knows help is on the way
I could feel all the pain flowing out of its waste pump.

Pouring out into the sewers
Like a sewage of emotional negativity
She gave me all the time in the world
To empty my pump
And it felt like nothing I've ever felt before.

For the first time, I felt the weight of my pain no more
The weightlessness gave me a glimpse of hope
That at least I could be helped
And out of the hope in that
I felt a glimmer of joy for the first time in my life
Then she proceeded to off guidance to me
Providing support for my fragile psychology
And acknowledging "**me"** eff ort
You have done well
"Good job, it is but a delight to me,

That you opened up".

And beginning from now,
We will break the shackles for your pain!
You will no longer be a slave to suffering
Your sorrows and anxiety have met their doom
Your healing is guaranteed
And your happiness will bloom with pride.

Those were enough to ignite my furnace hope
For then I suffered and bowed to worship pain
And now I stand majestic and trample on them
Help is here (in here!)
Seek it and you shall no longer be a slave.

FAINTNESS INDOORS

I sit at the window
Taking a glimpse of the outside
Claiming a spot in the sunbeam
Trying to get a bit of the sunlight
But none of the light could dispel
The darkness from within
Like a shadow lurking!

It waits and sneaks out at the sight
Of any glimmer of hope
Fading away the light with its words of pain.
And opening a void that consumes my joy
Seemingly crushing any hope, I have left
But then it is what it has always been.
My master and my *"god"*
The darkness from within.

I serve it with all of my heart and being
Like the slave it has caused me to be
I obey its every command
I sit at the window

Taking a glimpse of the outside
Claiming a spot in the sunbeam.

I think to myself
When will my service to this darkness end?
The pain it brings has now become my sustenance
My wage for being its slave
Perhaps obedience will suffice my penance
I stare out the window into oblivion
And fantasize about a dance in the rain
Savoring all the joy it brings
And relish in all of its happiness
But here I find self-shackled and bound
To face the wrath of the consequences
Of my own decisions
Perhaps there's no more hope for me left
Perhaps the darkness from within
Is my providence after all!
I sit at the window
Taking a glimpse of the outside
Claiming a spot in the sunbeam
Staring out the window into oblivion
This is all I've known
This is whom I've served
This is the penance of my decisions.

PRAYER FOR THE FUTURE

He's going to have children with another woman,
Because I can't have them anymore!
Wild flowers bloom in my stomach lining!
My aorta, my cranial devices my medulla oblongata
My womb!
There is a stray starry night in my ovaries!
Oooh! They have never seen nor felt the light of the day
No children have I!
No man by my side!
Only an army…
Angels in front, angels behind,
And the infinite potential of the mind.
I teach millions of children about the nature of the medicinal properties of plants
How to heal, neat and sew propaganda to the instruments of change!

Dear Gaza,
The world will never forget your dead,
Dead children,
Dead women,
Dead men,
I will always love that river!
The ebb and the flow of that river
To the sea.
Watch me chase the clouds like a horse

Call upon the birds to feast on its sharpest,
To protect the children's eyes,
Protect their liberty,
This is for them,
For you and you and all the peace builders!

MELISSA MIMI

I assembled and assembled and assembled.
A tower of manhood's strength.
A frame made from the finest steel,
And wings that would never liquefy.
If only Icarus could have been patient.

I penned and penned and penned.
Difficult calculations and flawless formulations.
A dream dreamt in numbers,
Written in pages laced with lhukonzo.
Archimedes would have been proud.

I alarmed and inspected and hunted.
For the fire that mankind never knew.
A gigantic pool of fuming liquid,
And a spark to beckon the angst.
Enough to wake Pharaoh from his sleep.

And so I winged and winged and winged,
Farther than any man had winged before.
To be united with the goddess of the Moon.
Unmindful that all this while,
Melissa had bolted the moonshine and
snitched through the window,
to sleep on my bed, every night.

d...

demand your liberty “sky”
and your oppression “deep”
huge and infinite
like the secrets you don’t like to keep!
like the ocean you can't seem to move.
i can't see what you're trying to prove,
there is waiting in the corners
of your broken heart
and you silence its whispers
with poetry and art
and you wish it away
like you're scared of the day
when the pain and dismay
have been silenced.
you are drowning,
and i cannot help you!
if only you'd reach for the sky
instead of the deep.

slip!

slip away
like the wind!
away from the truth.
you always go distant
to catch the filth
and throw them away
for someone else
for your pay!
and think you are
the king of all kings
when truly you are
a coward with bling
and nothing else
but your own self-righteous.

you're nothing to me
but a dead end fight
i'd rather not see
or ever be near!
dirty you are,
you never endear!

THE SAND

Yawning within
was jigged.
Trenches of water
erode the necessities.
Judgements
sought illuminating.
Of all the basics
found to bright sunlight.
Sparkles of the past times
before has become, the here. Now.
Colors of Us. Close to the touch.
Feeling color. Sand. Heaven.

A HALLUCINATION

For what advice can they offer?
It's a bad luck all the same.
"It's nonentity that time can't rebuild."
Said the bullet to the brain.

This flood of fear eats all.
What can he ever hope to save?
A silent boy, takes his loath dream,
Silently to the grave.

And there he lies, alone in the dark.
Not a single soul in sight.
With a spoon of sadness, and a dust of dread,
He becomes an executioner in the night.

They say it still comes to haunt him.
The dream he left in the soil.
From ashes to ashes, from dust to dust.
From dust, to turmoil.

And now he spends sleepless nights.
Guilt takes over the reigns.
The price you pay for killing a dream,
Is to forget how to ever dream again.

For what can now be done?

It's misfortune all the same.
"I shall always know what you did."
Said the ashes to the flame.

THE WITHERED ROSE!

It has been three seasons down the sky
Since we met,
This sweet love could be a spark
Like how a rose bloom
Within my colors and thorns

Pretty baby!
Could you be my shining armor?
Like the way we see in fairy tales,
I promise to give you my world
Even if my heart says otherwise!

You remind me of the black rainbow
That I found captivating!
How could you always stay in the dark
With those beautiful smile?

The way you scratch your head
Around my friends
And the shy smile
When my parents call you son
Are still vivid in my mind!

Oh beloved,
Could you be my shining armor

Like how I saw in fairy tales?
I promise to love you forever
Till death do us apart!

Do you still remember the promises you made
Even if you lay in those cold beds?
They say your time is about to stop
With all those machines around
But boy you look *"beautiful"* and peaceful

It's been three seasons down the sky
Since we met!
This sweet love has withered
Like a rose
Within my ashes and thorns.

ELSEWHERE THE VENEER

"What?
Is it so?
You said it wasn't so,
Yet your actions betray your words.
How can one trust you when your reflection
And expression reveal the truth,
Despite the mask of lies and obscurity?
Do you even know?
Is there no desire for reformation?

But in the midst of this turmoil,
I extend an invitation:
Let's embark on a journey
Of inner transformation,
Where love – unconditional and pure – awaits.
Let's walk together through the darkness
And into the light,
Discovering our true beauty,
Untainted by the shadows of deceit.

Hold my hand,
We'll navigate the waters of cleansing and renewal.
Will you join me on this journey,
Where love and truth entwine,
And our true selves are reborn?"

MY DEFINITION!

You would be scared to know me,
Things I've seen and felt,
Traumas I've let run my life,
The hand that I was dealt.

But those do not define me,
For I can read and write,
Acknowledging each lesson
Recreating when it's night.

when the sun is rising,
I can be proud of ME,
Hold my head high at show and tell,
Make peace with what I see...

Yes, someone who has struggled,
Yet skin stayed velvet brown,
Heart only partially hardened
But that's never held me down,
I have a deep purpose,
Might it only be to love,
Show kindness and compassion
While below until above.

I'm happy to still be here,
Fresh chances every day,

To build a life worth living,
Holding space along the way.

DECEPTION

You told me,
Told me not to fall in love with you
But I said I never liked being told what to do!

You told me,
Told me that you would have to leave one day
And yet I said that it's alright so sleep in my home!

You told me,
Told me that this didn't mean much
But you still *kiss'd* my forehead while I sleet in *your* arms

You told me,
Told me all you said were lies
And I said I knew since the beginning!

I told you,
Told you I'd never fall in love
But you said you would protect me!

I told you,
Told you to go to a better place
And you said that you were scared to leave!

I told you,
Told you we were nothing

And you said not to forget you!

I told you,
Told you I could never lie
But only if you knew that was not the only lie I told!

WHERE SHE IS

Where there is a woman,
there is beauty.
Beauty in her presence,
in everything she does.
Beauty in her curves
and beauty in her flaws.

Where there is a woman
there is patience.
Patience as she cares for her babies,
and as she works her chores.
Patience when they say she can't
do as she please.

Where there is a woman
there is passion.
Passion to love,
passion to fight.

Where there is a woman,
there is rage.
Rage when they talk down to her,
and an internal rage when she allows it.

Where there is a woman,
there is me.

There is beauty in my scars and
patience in the slow progression of my desires.
There is passion in my suffering,
And rage within my peace.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Abdullatif Khalid Eberhard *(Latif The Sacred Poet)* is a male Ugandan passionate award-winning poet, educator, writer, word crosser, scriptwriter, essayist, content creator, storyteller, orator, mentor, public speaker, gender-based violence activist, hip-hop rapper, creative writing coach, editor and spoken word artist.

He offers creative writing services and performs at projects focused on brand/ campaign awareness, luncheons, cooperate dinners, date nights, product launches, advocacy events and concerts he is the founder of **THE SACRED POETRY FIRM** helps young creatives develop their talents and skills.

His poems have been featured in several poetry publications, anthologies, blogs, journals, and magazines to mention but a few;

"*Best New African Poets 2022 Anthology*" - (Poems featured are: *The Monster Guardian*, *Mom and I'm Fed up*), "*Writing A Woman Anthology*: *poetry and visual art vol. 3* – an anthology by Asian and African writers and artists" - (Poem featured is: *The Warrior*), "*Voice from My Roots*" – a poetry collection by *Dove Eye Poetry*- (Poem featured is:

Voices from my Roots), "*The Writers Space Africa, July 2023 magazine*"- (Poem featured is: *Life of the Sweetest Tease*), "*Best New African Poets 2023 Anthology*" - (Poems featured are: *Wall, The Psyche, and The True Reason*), "*The Writers Space Africa, February 2024 magazine*"- (Poem featured is: *The Breaking Soul*), "*The Writers Space Africa, April 2024 magazine*" - (Poem featured is: *The Curved Lips*), "*Kirabo Writes Magazine, First issue*"- (poem featured is: *The societal Norms*), "*Whispering Verses*, a poetry collection that features five poets from Uganda with Shamirah . K Mukiibi being the lead poet"- (he has over fifteen poems featured in there), "*MEN*: An International Anthology of African and Latin American Writers, vol 3"- (He has four poems featured in there), "*The Green Magazine first issue*" - (four of his poems are featured there), "*The Writers Space Africa, June 2024 magazine*"- (poem featured is: *The Supremacy*)

He has won several national and international awards in the world of creatives to mention but a few. He won the students' *Anti-Corruption Challenge* in May 2023 poetry genre for universities and tertiary institutions (Uganda) which was organized by the *National Debate Council (NDC)* in partnership with *GIZ*, *State House Anti-Corruption Unit*, *Office of the IGG* and other partners. He emerged as the second runner-up for the *African University*

Students' Poetry Competition in August, 2023 which was organized by the *African University Students' Platform (AUSP)*. He won the *African Make Me Visible Challenge* in July, 2023 *For Motivation for Young Visionaries (MOFYOV)* in Nigeria. He got an honorary mention for his outstanding performance at the *Kampala People's SDGS Festival* in July, 2023 which was organized by the office of the prime minister (Uganda), He emerged as the winner of the flash poetry contest 14th January, 2024 organized by *Writers Space Africa*.

Abdullatif has also performed on different national and international occasions and has left his audience amazed with his creative skills for example he made an outstanding performance at; *The Kampala SDGS Festival* in July, 2023 (Uganda) organized by the office of the Prime Minister and gave a thrilling performance about the *Sustainable Development Goals and Agenda 2040*, *The Regional Peace Festival* in October, 2023 (Uganda) which gathered peace builders from Uganda, DRC, Rwanda and Burundi where he performed a captivating poem (*The Havoc*) that linked climate change crisis to peace. This was organized by *Refugee Law Project* in partnership with *Interpeace*, *The Pan Africanist Conference*, (*PAC*) in November 2023 (Ghana) about illicit financial flows and taxation and he performed a poem (*Why we need*

a UN tax convention) about the need for a UN tax convention, The East African tax justice debate 2023 (Uganda) about why we need a UN tax convention that was organized by *Youth for Tax Justice Network (YTJN)* where he performed a poem that links taxation and corruption aimed at educating the masses about the threats of corruption to the taxation system, *The 15th Alternative Mining Indaba(AMI)*, February 2024 (Cape town, South Africa) where he presented a concept (*The Seer*) explaining why there is a need for affordability and accessibility of energy transition minerals in a youth perspective, *The Uganda Environmental Symposium* in February 2024 at Tooro Botanical Gardens - Fort portal where he performed a poem (*The havoc*) about climate change, water management and environmental conservation. He participated in the *Albertine Regional Water and Environment Week 2024 Hackathon* that under the theme; "*Technology and innovation in addressing water, environment and climate change crisis*" where he developed an innovative concept that a help in addressing the gaps and issues in the water, environment and climate change crisis, *The 7th Uganda water and Environment Week (UWEWK)* in March, 2024 (Kampala- Uganda) organized by *Ministry for Water and Environment* and its partners where he gave a thrilling performance through

his poem (*The Mess*) about the need for water and environmental conservation which left the audience captivated with his moving poetry that resonated deeply. He exhibited a spoken word poem (*The Urgent Call*) at *The Pan-Africanist Conference (PAC)* 2024 on the invitation of *Youth for Tax Justice Network (YTJN)* that was held in Tunisia from 24th to 25th June 2024 which was showing how cubing illicit financial flows can lead to quality education for the youth.

As an editor, *Abdullatif Khalid* has edited "*Kirabo Writes Magazine, first issue*" and "*Whispering Verses*" - a poetry collection featuring five poets with Shamirah K. Mukiibi being the lead poet.

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